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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1904.

No. 29.

THE MIRROR
SAINT LOUIS



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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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The Man on Horseback

and the Man in the Air

By William Marion Reedy

HERE is no denying a lack of enthusiasm in all parts of the country for the Parker-Davis ticket. The people have not risen to it.

Parker has talked and Davis has talked, but neither one has said a thing that indicates that the election of the ticket would mean a change of governmental policy in any important particular.

There is no hope for a reduction of the tariff without Republican consent and co-operation. There is no hope for independence for the Filipinos until they are fit for it, which is Republican doctrine. The gold standard is not to be meddled with. Judge Parker doesn't see the need of any more laws than we already have on the books to regulate the trusts. Judge Parker has dodged the race issue, which looms so big in his party's platform. Judge Parker has been platonidously dignified in all his utterances, but he hasn't struck a spark from the people, hasn't warmed them up to him on any score whatever. About the only thing he has said that attracted attention was the declaration that, if elected, he would not again be a candidate. That's what Mr. Bryan said in Chicago in 1896, and it was not regarded at the time as an important announcement.

Parker and Davis are growing stale. They are lost in the personality of Roosevelt. For once that you will read in the great Democratic papers an argument for Parker and Davis, you will read ten times extravagant, hyperbolical denunciations of Roosevelt. Roosevelt is a bugaboo. The Democratic dread of him is ridiculous. There is not a thing for which he is denounced, except the appointment of colored men to office, in which he has not the secret or open support of some of the best Democrats alive.

Summed up and simmered down, the basis of opposition to Roosevelt is that he did and did promptly those things which came before him to be done. But he is "dangerous," they say. And yet he has said nothing that has any other purpose than the rousing of Americans from the slothful sordidness of mere wealth-getting. We hear much of the "big stick," but every man knows that a Nation's moral force is as nothing in international complications without physical force in the highest degree to back it up. We are told that Roosevelt has gotten us into trouble in various ways and places. It seems to me, as it must to many other Democrats, that Roosevelt's positiveness and promptness have kept us out of trouble. He is "dangerous" to the business interests, we are told, yet this amounts to nothing more than a euphemism glossing over the distrust of the great trusts for him, and, surely, if there be aught of sincerity in Democratic platform professions, hostility to the trusts or opposition from them should be a recommendation rather than a condemnation of a candidate for Pres-

ident. Truly, it is odd that Democratic antagonism to Roosevelt should be based upon the fact that he is too much of a Democrat.

The people are not fools. They see that there is nothing to the "safe and sane" cry but a bid for plutocratic support for Parker. All the emphasis upon Parker's conservatism means no more than that Roosevelt is the popular candidate, and that he can best be discredited by the same methods that were employed to discredit Bryan, and yet of all things which Roosevelt has done there is not one to the absolute undoing of which the Democratic party or its candidates commit themselves.

"Teddy shows his teeth" is about all that can be said against him, and it has only been by showing his teeth that he has accomplished what he has from the settlement of the anthracite coal strike to the recognition of Panama, from the demand upon the Sultan for respect for American citizens to the exposure and punishment of the postal frauds.

Roosevelt has done more against the trusts than all the Democrats alive have done. He has hit them harder and oftener and with more successful result. He has done it strenuously, but how else could he do it?

Roosevelt has "talked too much," we are told. It may be so, yet, somehow, everything he has said has punctured some evil and caused some squirming among the various elements of "enemies of the Republic." Roosevelt's talk has stirred the public heart and conscience upon many topics, howsoever it may have distressed the wealth-getters, who would tolerate every evil on the theory of "let well enough alone," the "well enough" being their own ease and profit.

As against Roosevelt, Parker is a putty creature, a twiddler of thumbs, a piddler and hair-splitter. He is stagnant, intellectually. His chief concern seems to be to say nothing that can be construed as committing him to anything. The Sage of Esopus lacks in party fervor. Nothing that he has said since his nomination has aroused his party from its torpor, and there has not been as yet a single ratification meeting that gave off any caloric calculated to thaw his party's frigidity. New York, where he is supposed to be strong, shows no enthusiasm for him. The only news from the Empire State is to the effect that the Democrats are apathetic on general issues and all split up into factions as to who shall have the handling of the party funds.

Parker is surrounded by "plutes" and politicians of the ultra practical sort. His management is tainted with capitalism and corruption, just as his nomination was tainted with trickery. No wonder Parker is a smooth man—he is anointed with Standard Oil, through Pat McCarron and Rockefeller, as Mr. Law-

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son, of Boston, has shown and threatens to show further.

And now his political godfather, David B. Hill, supreme trickster, announces that he will retire from politics next January. Another trick. Hill will never be out of politics until he is six feet under ground, and then the evil that he has done will live long after him. Hill is not the man to throw away mastery of his party once he has attained it. Hill is "playing 'possum" in the hope of placating Tammany opposition, but Tammany does not believe him, nor does anyone else who has watched Hill's career for the last twenty years. Hill realizes that his friendship hampers Parker, but Hill is not the man to loosen his grip on the situation for any altruistic motives.

We read that Bryan is speaking for the ticket, but the speaking is not in the old Bryan vein. The Nebraskan's support is perfunctory. It is prompted solely by a determination to be consistent, in not bolted after he had for eight years denounced the men who bolted him.

The only fight that is being made for Parker is being made by Joseph Pulitzer in the New York *World*, and Mr. Pulitzer is superheated in his argument. Still one cannot blame Mr. Pulitzer, because the nomination of Parker was simply the victory of Pulitzer's papers over the papers of W. R. Hearst. Hearst's papers were boosting Hearst for the Presidency. They seemed likely to accomplish their purpose at one time. Pulitzer determined to beat in politics the man who had raised the worst features of Pulitzerian journalism to the *n*th power. To stop Hearst, Pulitzer sprung Parker as a candidate. It was a fight thenceforward between Pulitzer's New York *World* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* against Hearst's New York *American*, Chicago *American* and San Francisco *Examiner*. Pulitzer won out. He went after the South and he got it. Then his *Post-Dispatch*, here on the convention ground, simply stamped the convention by creating a Parker atmosphere. Pulitzer made Parker possible, and it is Pulitzer who is doing the only fighting that looks like the real thing for Parker, and it does not require close reading of the Pulitzer editorials to discern that Pulitzer has a hard task in the matter of making a campaign for a candidate who is afraid of his own shadow and opens his mouth only to emit oracles that mean nothing definite to anyone. If Parker were as big a man, as sincere a man, as Pulitzer, the Democrats would have some chance to win next November.

As things are Parker has no chance. He is bad enough, but Davis is worse. Davis is an out-and-out "plute," and a dismal antique to boot. He was put on the ticket to get funds from the coal barons who were piqued by Roosevelt's intervention in the anthracite strike, and to nourish the disaffection of the Republican ring with Elkins at its head, that hates Roosevelt and would willingly "throw him" in many States, if it could.

The more the people study Parker and Davis, the less they will think of those candidates. They represent absolutely nothing that Democracy has been taught to stand for. In fact, their attitudes and their environments mark them as un-Democratic, whether we subscribe to the old brand or the new brand of that party's politics. They have not one Democratic ideal between them. They are on a platform which they both disregard. They promise nothing to the Democrats, but the offices. They stand for compromise with the beneficiaries of privilege and they are committed to no course that will give effectiveness to any genuine Democratic principle. Were it not for the Booker Washington incident and the Crum inci-

dent at Charleston, and some others, Roosevelt would break the Solid South, solely on the canal issue, since he forced the canal issue and the canal will benefit the South more than any other section. But for the race question the South would go for Roosevelt as the West will go for him because of his work for irrigation. The East will go for Roosevelt, if for no other reason than because Parker is a trickster and a trimmer. The Democrats in the East may have money for a campaign this year, but they can't buy the people from Roosevelt for Standard Oil and David B. Hill. The Easterners may be glad that Parker is "safe and sane," but they don't like his ligneosity. The East will have to be shown wherein Roosevelt has been, is, or is likely to be unsafe and insane. He may have smashed Wall street twice or thrice in the solar plexus, but nothing that he has done has hurt legitimate business. The people are not going to turn down Roosevelt because he attacked the trusts and mergers.

Roosevelt has awakened American patriotism, not for mere love of fighting, but to stir the people from their dull content with a material prosperity that was generating un-American social conditions. Roosevelt is not to be beaten for his protest against "race suicide," for his warning us away from the dry-rot of the Four Hundred. Roosevelt is not to be beaten because he warns the South American Republics that they can't cut up monkey-shines as they please and then take shelter under the Monroe Doctrine. Roosevelt is not to be beaten by Democratic votes when he is in every pulse of his blood, every thought of his brain, every prompting of his emotions, more of a Democrat, in any or all meanings of the word, than his adversary on the Democratic ticket—Judge Parker. Is Roosevelt to be beaten because he exposed and punished the postal crooks or the Indian commission grafters? Is he to be defeated because he enlarged the scope of the pension laws, in accordance, as the best authorities concede, with the spirit of the laws and the trend of precedent? Is he to be defeated for pushing the Panama canal work ahead ten years? Is he to be repudiated because he demanded of the Sultan "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead?" Is he to be destroyed because his administration is bringing order out of chaos in the Philippines, the first thing necessary before anything can be done by us for the Filipinos or before they can do anything for themselves?

Are the American people such fools as to prefer Parker to Roosevelt—the man who does nothing to the man who does honestly, promptly, openly, whatever lays to his hand to do? The Democratic candidate is a wooden man with a phonograph in his inwards. Roosevelt is a man of flesh and blood and heart and brain. Roosevelt stands for what he has done. Parker stands only for a criticism of things done and the doers thereof. And there isn't enough difference in their platforms to make material for an argument. The issue is between the men, and Roosevelt, even in caricature, represents more of real, simple Americanism than a whole convention hall full of Parkers solemnly quibbling over quiddities and constructions and constitutionalities making for evasion of mighty tasks. This is no time for negation. The country cannot go back upon itself, and the country will not stand for Parker as President, simply because Parker is negation personified. He even negatives his own party's platform. There may be objections to the man on horseback, but who can trust the man who is "up in the air?"

Missouri Democracy's Troubles

By William Marion Reedy

MISSOURI'S Democracy has troubles of its own, and they are serious troubles. In the first place, the leaders cannot discern any interest in the party on the subject of Parker and Davis. The people in the country scarcely talk about the ticket. The country editors cannot work up any steam to write about the ticket. It begins to look as if Frank Walsh's prophecy were true, that the Parker nomination after Bryan's speech would cost the party 30,000 votes in this State. Parker's nomination has drawn the Populists away from the party, and the regular Democrats of the Bryanite persuasion are listless and lethargic. Writing this article Tuesday evening, the indications are that the Springfield ratification meeting of Wednesday will be a frost. The fervor of the gathering will not be in the least increased by the absence of Senator Stone because of his recent tilt on an issue of veracity with Mr. Folk, the Democratic candidate for Governor.

Nothing will or can save Missouri to the Democracy except the popular idolization of Mr. Folk, because of his great boodle warfare. Mr. Bryan, it will be observed, is making speeches in Missouri, but rather for Mr. Folk than for the National ticket. Folk will be elected, unless a miracle should happen. He will be scratched by some Democrats, but he will get thousands of Republican and all the Populist votes. I look for a majority for Mr. Folk of almost

100,000. He may pull through the rest of the ticket, but there is no doubt that the number of reform Democrats who will scratch Cook and Allen will far outnumber the machine Democrats who will scratch Folk. The apathy as to Parker and Davis may be overcome, but there is a bare chance that many Missouri Bryanites will vote for Roosevelt in preference to Parker, because they at least know where Roosevelt is "at."

After looking carefully over the Missouri country papers and talking with many leaders from the rural districts, it is my deliberate opinion that when Senator Stone accused Folk of having proposed a deal with Cook and Allen to go on the ticket, the Senator hurt himself more than he hurt Folk. The rank-and-file of the Democracy don't understand why Stone should seek to discredit the head of the ticket and create strife between that head and other candidates. That doesn't look like straight Democracy to them, and the party worshippers everywhere are inclined to criticize Stone and impugn his motives. Stone has suffered in party standing beyond a doubt, and he will suffer more if the people come to believe the bruising that the Senator wrote his letter at the instigation of Sam Priest *et al.*, via Morton Jourdan, in order to furnish an excuse for Walbridge to accept the Republican nomination. There is a tale that will not down that Priest and some of his plutocratic political pals have put up

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\$220,000 to defeat Folk. The money comes from the railroads and other public service corporations. It was put up to help Walbridge and the Walbridge acceptance of the Republican nomination was not made until the fund was up and Stone had written the letter identifying Folk with Cook and Allen, whom he was supposed to be fighting. Priest is the man who was named as engineering the Walbridge boom when it leaked out at the Chicago Republican convention that the corporations would "cough up" to defeat Folk and elect Cook and Allen to protect the corporations against taxation. Priest is the man the Republicans depend upon to help Walbridge, and how much they depend upon him is shown by the fact that a half dozen Republican leaders were inclined to have Walbridge decline the Republican nomination for Governor until Priest sent word that the fund was in hand, that a pretext would be found to discredit Folk's integrity and that the machine would do all in its power against Folk in every city and county of the State. The *Star* didn't come out for Walbridge for Governor until after Stone's letter was published accusing Folk of secretly dickering with Cook and Allen, whom he had been publicly fighting.

Folk, I am told, cannot get any money for his campaign. Priest and others have corked up the corporations, and when the corporations don't give there is no campaign fund to speak of. The corporations will give, and, I understand, are giving for Walbridge. This, coupled with the attempt, partially successful in some quarters, to discredit Folk as a secret machine man, indicates that the enemies of Folk have not yet given up all hope of beating him by hook or by crook.

The situation in the State is bad in many respects. There is an ugly fight on in the district in which Mont Cochran was turned down. Jim Todd complains about having been thrice sold out by Folk's friends, and Cochran maintains he was beaten because he was an original Folk man. A fierce fight is waged upon Macaenas E. Benton in the Joplin district by the machine, led by Gib Barbee. There is a peck of trouble in Kansas City, where Mayor Reed and Joe Shannon are fighting out an old feud and where Boss Corrigan is supposed to be as antagonistic to Folk as Boss Butler is in St. Louis. In nearly every congressional, senatorial and representative district there is a feud between new or Folk Democrats and the old gang. Where the Folk men have lost out, as in Clay Heather's districts, they are threatening vengeance, and in the districts where the Folk men have won the old-timers are sulking and declaring that the new deal crowd must win without the assistance of the old crowd. The machine Senators are not helping Folk to any extent, and in many instances county rings shattered by the Folk movement are pulling themselves together to at least refrain from helping along the Folk game. This condition of affairs makes many Democrats apprehensive that the Legislature may be lost and Cockrell defeated for Senator. With \$220,000 cut loose in the State it is argued that while it might be impossible to beat Mr. Folk, it would be possible to carry enough Senators and Representatives to send Mr. Kerens to the Senate. It has long been deemed possible for Democratic corruptionists like Priest and some of his friends to send Kerens to the Senate. Colonel Bill Phelps has been working on the project subterraneously for years. By financing Democratic fights in various districts Republicans may easily be slipped in. The \$220,000 campaign fund, therefore, may not defeat Folk, but it may defeat Cockrell, and that Cockrell is scared over the prospect is matter of common gossip in the best posted Democratic circles. Cook and Allen are to be helped along by

the fund because they are supposed to be necessary to the corporations on the State Board of Equalization. But Folk will have to hustle up his money from other than corporation quarters if he wants to win that way. It is, of course, fortunate that, by virtue of the fight Folk has made, he will not need much money. The people are with him.

But Folk is to have no easy sailing. There is to be no let-up on the query whether he wished an alliance with Cook and Allen, whom he was supposed to be fighting. The anti-machine papers are harping upon it and the machine papers are maintaining an attitude as if they rather enjoyed Mr. Folk's apparent discomfiture. Still, it might not be wise on the part of Cook's and Allen's friends to press Folk too hard, for his interviews on the subject read very much as if he had something up his sleeve that will prevent either Cook, Allen or Seibert corroborating Stone's accusation that Folk sought a machine alliance. As for Mr. Walbridge's profiting by this warfare on Folk, I state openly as a recurring rumor, the story that somewhere in Missouri there are two documents which show that President Roose-

velt deprecated any nomination being made against Folk by the Republicans.

All is not serene in Mr. Folk's camp, either. The councils are divided. There are some men therein who can see in the presence of "Jimmy" Miles on the executive committee only a creature of Ed Butler and Tom Barrett and Bill Phelps. There are covert Butler men who are all the time fighting the idea that Folk shall make an alliance with Hawes in St. Louis. Such an alliance is almost an accomplished fact, and the first result thereof is seen in the circumstance that there is a Butler against Hawes fight in nearly every one of the twenty-eight wards of the city. Miles tried to throw down Hawes by sending Bill Phelps as delegate from the Eleventh District to the National convention, Phelps not living in the district. Hawes caught on to the plan just in time to save himself, but now Miles is fighting Hawes in the open and there is a determined effort in every ward to put Hawes out of business.

So bitter has the fight become that it is a question just now whether Mr. Hawes will not go back on the Police Board as President and run the force in a way to carry the city for Folk and himself against the Butler and other anti-Folk forces. Hawes can go back if he will, I imagine; but his best friends doubt whether it would be to his interest to do so, since if he won for Folk he would be accused of doing so through the police machine, while if he lost the city, Folk's friends would accuse him of giving Folk "the double cross." It is clear that Folk will not be able to control the city without the political aid of Hawes and if Butler can beat them both he will put up a city ticket calculated to drag Folk down in the city. Hawes can save Folk and the St. Louis ticket if anybody can, but nevertheless there are some friends of Folk who are insisting that Hawes shall not be admitted to camp, that his organization shall be ignored and then destroyed, that if Hawes is to be a leader they will desert. These kickers don't amount to much, to be sure. They don't know much. Hawes is the strongest man upon whom Folk can lean and if Folk can fix things up with Hawes it will help matters in the State. Hawes made the hit of the Jefferson convention as a fighter of Folk and when he falls into line and works with Folk the fact will help Folk with the machine politicians in the State who have preferred to believe that Folk would have no use for practical politicians. The fight in St. Louis of Folk and Hawes against Butler will exculpate Hawes of the charge of being a Butler emissary and will strengthen the Folk movement by demonstrating that the main opposition to him in the city comes from Butler with a private grievance, rather than from the city organization for lack of party loyalty. Just now it is a question whether Butler will win in St. Louis for himself, or Hawes will win for Folk. Hawes seems the winner, as the State administration seems determined to stand by him to the limit.

There are, however, still other troubles in store for Mr. Folk. It seems a certainty that James J. Butler will be renominated for Congress and run on the same ticket with Mr. Folk. It will be remembered that Mr. Folk refused to support Mr. Butler for Congress when the latter ran the second time, on the ground that he couldn't support the Butler element for Congress at the same time that he was prosecuting Edward Butler for bribery. Now, if "Jim" Butler be put upon the ticket with Mr. Folk, it will be worse from the standpoint of Folk's friends than even having Cook and Allen on the ticket with him: If he couldn't support "Jim" Butler in his second race, how could he support him in Butler's third race? If Jim Butler runs for Congress this year Mr. Folk may be under

Loss and Waste

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

I ASK for no closer season
Than our higher law has made;
But I pray, in the name of reason
And the holier name of Trade,
That the reckless haste and the sinful waste
Of our noblest sport be stayed.

The lobster is well protected,
Till he reaches his crusty prime;
The salmon is not neglected
In his vulnerable time
And the poacher of bird or beast is stirred
With fear of the cost of crime.

But the sport that awakes every passion
Of the Anglo-Saxon frame,
That is all the year round in fashion,
And never grows dull or tame,
We follow with zest, but drop at the best
And practical part of the game,

The African in his jungle,
The Fijian on the beach,
Their logical minds ne'er bungle
The duty beloved of each—
Which is, that you eat when you've killed
your meat
And have it within your reach.

We have mastered the art of killing.
Quickly or by degrees;
Our torture is more than thrilling;
We scalp and we flay with ease;
But the 'Pache and Sioux before us knew
Such primitive things as these.

But I think of a thing more cruel,
From a business point of view,
That we waste so much costly fuel
In roasting a nigger or two,
And have not the wit, or gumption or grit
To finish our barbecue!

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the necessity of repudiating him or accepting him and that would delight Folk's enemies exceedingly. If Mr. Folk remained silent, the charge would be still more loudly made that he had made terms with the machine. If he repudiated Mr. Butler the machine would cry out upon him for "treason to the ticket." It is certain that "Jim" Butler can have the nomination if he wants it, and it is equally certain that if nominated, a fight upon him would hurt the rest of the ticket. It may be that Mr. Folk is strong enough to keep Butler off the ticket, but I doubt it because of Butler's strength in the lower wards. In any event, Jim Butler is a problem on Folk's hands just now and a mighty difficult one at that, since it is doubtful even if Mr. Hawes could prevent Butler's nomination to Congress from the Twelfth District. If "Jim" runs for Congress again, "the old man" will put up some money for the boys and "Jim" will help the ticket in quarters where Folk's candidacy might induce machine scratching. The situation presents a beautiful opportunity to embarrass Folk, although one can easily see how it might press Mr. Folk so hard as to make him declare himself in a fashion that would possibly elect himself and defeat everyone else upon the ticket, State and city.

All these matters are of grave import to the politicians at the present time because they are not figuring alone upon the November election, but upon the Mayoralty nomination and election next spring. The feuds in the city wards do not promise a united party, and all the offices in the city except those filled by the Governor may be lost as a result of the quarrels. The

fight is largely now for the control of the city committee and consequently the power to name the city ticket for this campaign and for next spring. Just now it is believed that Butler controls the city committee, but he doesn't control it as much as he did since the petty politicians have learned that Hawes is still backed by the State administration, and that he is likely to be the local representative of the man who will be the next Governor.

The fight is simply Butler against Folk, with Hawes helping Folk, in the city. In the State the fight is Folk against the corporations and the disgruntled machine men and the fund that Sam Priest and others know how to raise. Folk will win out, but the Lord only knows how many other Democrats will fall by the wayside before the struggle is over. There is no telling what results may be in different parts of the State when the effects of scratching and trading over minor offices and to gratify petty grudges have been fully calculated. The only thing certain just now is that the Democratic party is in desperately bad shape as a result of the fights precipitated by Mr. Folk's issue, and that if the State is to be saved at all it will be through the popular approval of Mr. Folk's work bolstering up and reinforcing the latter-day weakness of the old tradition of loyalty to the ticket under all circumstances and at all hazards. The people will save Folk and the party, but the politicians may lose the legislature as a result of the grievances sprung up in the counties between the friends of the new deal and the adherents of the old regime.

about you that this is indeed a World's Fair city. The people show in their faces an uplifting of their hearts after drear despondency over diminutive gate receipts and everyone has a sense more or less well defined that things are beginning to move in the way we thought they should move in a World's Fair city. As the weather cools off towards the fall the crowds will increase and we may look for a record-breaking attendance during the ensuing three months. The crowds will be as much beyond our expectations as up to two weeks ago they were beneath them, and steadily these crowds will grow in profitableness to the Fair and to the people of the entire city. The people whose attention St. Louis wants to catch and hold are those who are now beginning to foregather here, the people who will appreciate the city at its worth as a metropolis. The MIRROR congratulates the Fair management that Fair prospects are looming up so bright and congratulates itself that it never added by thoughtless criticism to the troubles and worries of the men who were "up against" what many thought to be a great and certain failure. The Fair is coming out with flying colors, the MIRROR is glad to say, because it has deserved to do so, and because the hearts and souls and minds of so many earnest and patriotic St. Louisans were centered upon the success of the work for the credit of the city, the edification and delectation of its people and the convincing of the world that here is, indeed, a world center in the center of this continent. The Fair is great. It will grow greater as the greater world of those competent to judge its innumerable utilities and beauties is brought into contact with it. The outside world will discover the Fair to St. Louisans, but St. Louisans will prove their loyalty to the Fair on St. Louis day by such an unanimous outpouring of the people towards a common center of attraction as the world has never seen.



Polygamy.

A sister of the Emperor of Germany has written a book in which she advocates polygamy as an institution for the protection of women, but she wouldn't allow a man two wives until he had reached a certain age and realized a certain income. How very charming! How truly autocratic! But if polygamy is a good thing at all, why should it be limited to men of mature years and settled income? Who's better fitted to enjoy polygamy than the young? What does a man want with two wives when he's got so old he can't love one? And when may it be said that a man has enough money to keep two women, or more, when the testimony of the ages is that it has always kept the best of men hustling like the very old scratch to provide for one in the way she should be provided for? One would like to see the inside of the head of this royal lady who thinks polygamy is good for woman or for man. She should be in a bug house. Polygamy is debasing to man and woman. Even the imperfect monogamousness of man in these days is debasing, as every man must confess who has ever gone astray. One woman and one man each to each is the rule that has prevailed in the long run in our ascent from barbarism to civilization. It is not an arbitrary institution. It is a steady growth that marks as much as any one thing, the triumph of spirituality over bestiality in human nature. It is, in a way, a proof of spiritual natural selection. There may have been and there may be to-day states of people wherein polygamy might be tolerated with reason, but in no civilized community will polygamy ever maintain itself as a recognized institution. Polygamy is nothing but license for the man and that means the enslaving of woman. The world will not have it more.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The World's Fair a Winner.

ALL along, since the opening, the MIRROR has never despaired of the World's Fair's eventual success. It is, therefore, gratifying to record the fact that the dark days have passed and the great enterprise is beginning to take on more of the aspects of a paying proposition. The people have begun to come, and they are the kind of people from whom the city will derive some benefit. The box-lunch contingent priding themselves on doing the Fair at a dollar a day in three days no longer dominates the scene completely. The persons now coming to the Fair are not coming *in forma pauperis*. They are coming to have a good time and in the full expectation of paying for the same at reasonable rates. They are persons who want to see something of the city as well as of the Fair and they are not averse to scattering a little backsheesh along their way. They are the people who will find out what a good old town we have here and will go back to their homes and tell about it. They probably will not "do" the Fair so laboriously, with such desperate intent to profit by it ethically and aesthetically, but they will fulfill nevertheless most satisfactorily one of the purposes for which the Fair was established. They will spend some money with us for many things, including "articles of bigotry and virtue." The men and women from the larger cities are beginning to put in their appearance and they are those who will best advertise the city and its attractions to the world. They, fortu-

nately, will find little to complain of. There is a plenty of accommodations with all necessary comfort. There is delightful weather. There is a city which in its social and commercial aspects must prove a revelation to many. There is a great Fair the like of which has never been seen on earth before and there are people here who, while they may be backward in many things, lead all the world in the matter and manner of hospitality. The great Fair has had a hard time. Its managers have had to bear up under sore trials, not the least of which was the persistent disparagement and even acrimonious abuse of some of the home people. The people who have been criticizing so fiercely had better now hunt their holes. There is no doubt that the Fair has struck its gait and that the time of the gathering in of the shekels has come not only for the Fair, but measurably for everybody else. The government loan is as good as paid off, and the Exposition is enabled to tell the banks and trust companies that it won't need the million dollars which some weeks since it was thought it would be necessary to borrow. The poor concessionaires who had rough sledding for so long are beginning to brighten up and to disgorge their proper percentages into the Fair treasury. The dullness of the Fair that has been depressing everyone is disappearing. You can begin to see the crowds in the grounds, where, hitherto, they have been lost. You can see the faces of the Exposition officials losing that harried, weary look they wore not long ago. You can see and feel all

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Women will not be enslaved to man's lusts as they were in the past. They will not be mere vassals of his pleasure. They will not divide men's affections, any more than men will share with others a woman's affections. Polygamy is not for intelligent, spiritualized people. It is for the ignorant only. They say the royal lady who wrote the book is "indiscreet." Worse than that—she is crazy.



The Bishop's Saloon.

BISHOP POTTER made a great mistake when he didn't come out to St. Louis and start up his Episcopal saloon on the Pike. It would have been the most profitable snap at the Fair. What do I think of Bishop Potter? I think he likes notoriety and that he is honestly seeking to get away as far as possible from the impracticalities of clergymen in matters of social reform. A saloon like Bishop Potter's is no new thing, except in the matter of having been opened by a bishop with prayer. There are saloons in many cities where drunkenness and debauchery are discouraged. There are many saloons where only pure goods are sold and no one is given a drink who has already had enough. Saloons are not all bad. It is a good sign that Bishop Potter knows this. There are more orderly saloons than disorderly ones; and very many men of pure life conduct saloons. The saloon is only an evil and a menace when it is a privilege let to a bad man. The police of any large city, if they wish to do so, can regulate the saloon business so that it shall not shock nor offend anyone who does not believe in saloons. Bishop Potter's action, therefore, may not be so sensational as it seems to some persons, if it serves to demonstrate the truth here told that a saloon can be run respectably by any respectfully inclined man. The saloon is an evil institution when evil men run it, and, unfortunately, the evil men are mostly put in the saloon business by, for and through politicians. We must remember that in this matter of saloons, as in most other matters, the good far outnumber the bad. It is sad to think, however, that the blessing of a saloon at its opening, even by an Episcopal dignitary, is no guarantee that some day the place will not fall into the hands of some one who will put the blessing "on the bum."



The Bible Not Inspired.

AND now comes the great Dublin theologian, Doctor Mahaffey, and says the Bible is not an inspired work. The fabric of glorious Christian faith is a sort of patchwork pressed together from many sources in the East. The rite of sacrifice is a primal instinct found in all peoples, and so forth and so on. What ineffable rot! Either the Bible is an inspired work or it is nothing as a foundation for the faith we call Christian. Take away inspiration and the Bible is void of sanction as a religious book. It may be great literature, but it has no more authority than any other guess that has been or may be made at the explanation of creation to man or of man to himself. To say that the Bible is inspired as Shakespeare is inspired is to say nothing. If the Bible came not direct from God, it is nothing but a string of legends, stories, poems what not that predicate nothing but the exercise of a purely human fancy. To say that the Bible is an outgrowth from the natural religion implanted in man is to prove nothing. There is nothing naturalistic in Christianity that has grown from the Bible. There is no natural religion that inculcates anything that is Christian. Even Judaism was not and is not a natural religion growing necessarily out of men's nature, it is something beyond the mere natural instinct to look for

causes of things and the end of things. There is nothing to Judaism or its offshoot, Christianity, if it be not that something has fallen upon man's mind from above and without. Neither Judaism nor Christianity is autogenetic in origin. Each is touched with, suffused with something that man could hardly evolve from himself. Christianity may be an outgrowth of Judaism, a development, but it is something more, just as Judaism is something more than a mere monotheism in distinction from the polytheism in the midst of which it flourished. If Christianity be only an evolution from primitive forms of belief, it has no efficacy. It must have come from God or from nowhere. Take inspiration out of the Bible and the book has nothing to commend it above a collection of the sacred Sanscrit books, the Nibelungenlied, the Homeric poems, the Norse Eddas. The Bible does not help us as mere literature, but by virtue of something above and beyond mere art or expression. If the Bible is not inspired direct of God it is nothing at all, and it is noticeable that the Bible loses its force in the world just in proportion as the smart men like Professor Mahaffey discern that it is a purely human production. Neither Homer, nor Virgil, nor Dante, nor Milton, nor Shakespeare, nor any other writer inspired in the human sense has achieved in the molding of the minds and hearts of men what has been achieved by the men who wrote the Bible. There is no inspiration in a human sense with which the inspiration of the Bible has been compared that has done for the world what the Bible inspiration has done. The results flowing from the Bible are so stupendous that the most irreverent of us well may say that they could only have had their universal effect as a result of an impetus given them by such a veritable God as Jehovah.



A Nasty Spectacle.

THE sight of long rows of overflowing garbage receptacles filling the alleys and lining the curbs of St. Louis must certainly give visitors to the city an idea that we are indeed a shiftless community. In some

'Tis Night Brings Back Our Dead

BY L. F. S. BARNARD

"**T**HE night brings back to us our dead,
Close to the aching heart;
Their presence brings no fear, no dread,
But doth sweet peace impart;
Be it in dream, or waking thought,
We greet each welcome guest,
This is a boon we long have sought,
To clasp them to our breast.

Before the eye-lid droops in sleep,
Wander our thoughts away
To those who no more vigils keep
In weary frames of clay;
We then recall the well-loved face,
The limpid, truthful eyes,
Which made the earth a pleasant place,
Which cloudless made our skies.

But most in dreams they come to me,
Nor seems it even strange
To meet as ever, fond and free,
And loving thoughts exchange;
I wake,—and lo! 'tis dawning day,
The dear-loved friends have fled,
For Morning takes their forms away,
'Tis Night brings back our dead.

places, many, in fact, garbage has been lying uncollected for months, and if it had not been for the unusually cool weather, there is no doubt that long since it would have breathed pestilence. What's the matter with the authorities? Why don't they move? Conditions have become worse since the garbage problem was transferred from the Board of Health to the Board of Public Improvements. Under the former plan collections were made irregularly, but nowadays they are not made at all. It's up to the City Fathers to do something in the premises, and to do it quickly.



The Strike.

THE butchers' strike and Port Arthur have been running neck and neck for supremacy on the first page of the newspapers. The one has been settled about as often as the other has been reported fallen, but up to date both are still in the field. However, there appears to be some hope now that the troubles which have paralyzed the packing industry will soon end. Reports from Chicago, the principal seat of war, indicate that the Union's treasures are depleted and that the men and their families are hungry and unable to obtain food. If the empty stomach and the appeals of wife and children do not prove of sufficient potency as an argument in favor of calling off the strike, it is needless to try others. The strike has been lost from the start, hopelessly so, but the men have been blindly following leaders who are either cruelly ignorant of or hardened to the wrongs they are inflicting upon the unfortunate unionists.



As to Insurance.

THE recent collapse of the American Legion of Honor, a fraternal organization which was engaged in furnishing cheap insurance to members by the assessment plan, will no doubt have a disastrous effect on many other similar organizations which are engaged in business along the same lines, but which have not as yet come to the end of their financial tether. As is usual with nearly all these societies, they have church and social connections which for awhile give them quite a vogue, but as they are operated upon insecure foundations, they soon come to grief. As they grow older, their death rate increases and as the claims against them also increase, membership falls off and the organization is soon upon the rocks. But the failure of assessment plan insurance will bear good fruit, since a great many persons will profit by the experiences of others, and if seeking insurance, of any kind, will resort to the only safe plan—that of the old line companies.



The Yankee and Pure Food.

THE suppression by the German Government of a business devoted to the manufacture of dog and horse meat sausages and spurious *pate de foie gras*, intended solely for export to America, has caused quite a ripple of excitement in certain circles, especially since Prof. Wiley has supplemented this information with the announcement that Scotch whiskey containing creosote and other articles deleteriously adulterated are sent here for consumption. But why should the Yankees get so excited over such trifles. They are the pioneers in the field. They started in with the wooden nutmegs in Connecticut and now there is not an article from our American factories that reaches our own tables, that is not in some form a substitute or to some extent adulterated. Who knows but that the German sausage, which incurred the

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royal displeasure, hasn't a counterpart right in our own midst? Our inspection of such things is a joke. Unless some consumer happens to witness the conversion of diseased or "preserved" meat into sausage, there is no complaint. If we wish to be properly understood by the other nations on the food question, we'll have to quit crying "wolf" and give some frank evidence of our intentions as Germany gave. For instance, our practice of keeping in cold storage for years, awaiting a rise in prices, beef, poultry and eggs, should be stopped. Other countries may impose on Americans in the matter of impure foods, but the chances are they learned their best lessons in the "art" from American imports. What is needed in the United States and needed badly, is a national pure food law. Perhaps then we may get something like the genuine articles of food for ourselves and those abroad.



The Hotel Runners.

WITH 250,000 persons coming into St. Louis to see the Fair daily, the Police Board acted wisely in making it impossible for the hordes of hotel runners to annoy these visitors. Too many queer things have happened to strangers who have been steered away from the station. Not infrequently they have become the victims of robbers or assailants. The Police Board should exercise some control over the runners, for under the present arrangement it is possible for any one with the necessary money, no matter what his reputation may be, to secure a license to engage in the business. There were fully 700 of them at the station all day long until the police compelled them to move, and strangers were not only annoyed, but completely confused by their appeals for patronage.



Walbridge and the Cyclone.

So Mr. Walbridge, candidate for Governor on the Republican ticket, is going to sweep St. Louis, eh? I guess not. How about Walbridge and the cyclone? He was Mayor when that catastrophe befell St. Louis in May, 1896. The great wind struck the city just in the region where its effects were most disastrous. We need say nothing of the loss of life, of the privations of the temporarily homeless. The storm's greatest damage was that it swept away homes of men who had put their little all therein, who had been paying for them in the building associations and otherwise. There came from other cities money offers of assistance. All of these offers were declined. Mayor Walbridge sent out a telegram saying that no outside help was needed. No help came. He was pleaded with to revise his telegram and state that most of the sufferers were not only temporarily homeless, but permanently so, that all these poor people had paid on their homes was lost. Mayor Walbridge would not qualify his first statement that outside help was not needed. A Citizens' Relief Association here raised a goodly sum, but it only clothed and temporarily fed the cyclone sufferers for a few days. Many of them, most of them, in fact, never recovered their losses. They had paid all they had in part payment on their homes and could pay no more. The ruins of their houses were foreclosed upon. Some of the victims sought relief in suicide. Others died of grief at the shattering of all their plans for the future. Had the Mayor not shut off contributions from the outside, many of the owners of small houses would have been enabled to rebuild and repair their houses and then keep up their payments in the building associations. The ruin caused by the twisting wind was made more complete by the Mayor's rejec-

tion of the proffer of funds from the outside. The cyclone devastated the South Side. It swept a Republican region of the city almost exclusively. Republicans, therefore, suffered most by Mayor Walbridge's rejection of assistance. In that neighborhood, where the greater part of the St. Louis Republican vote comes from, Mr. Walbridge is remembered not kindly for the action herein detailed. There is where the Republican candidate for Governor would ordinarily get the most votes in the city of St. Louis. There any Republican candidate except Mr. Walbridge would get them. Mr. Walbridge will be snowed under in South St. Louis because of the cyclone telegram. In South St. Louis Mr. Walbridge will lose enough votes to render it extremely unlikely that he will carry the city by a big majority or any majority against Mr. Folk in the election next November. The cyclone telegram makes Mr. Walbridge the weakest Republican who could have been nominated to carry St. Louis against Mr. Folk or any other Democrat or Republican either.



A Protest About Money.

UNCLE SAM is monkeying with our paper money in a way that should evoke a protest from all who deem themselves lucky enough to get hold of any of it in the near future. He is experimenting to take the "crinkliness" and crispness and noise out of it, so that bales of it may be manufactured and turned out in less than half the time now required. The crusaders for clean money should rebel at the prospect. If the government's experiments now under way prove the practicability of the new system, our paper currency will resemble nothing so much as unstarched or unlaundered linen. Even in its present glazed and crispy form paper money quickly absorbs all kinds of filth, but imagine the result when it issues from the banks in the soft and noiseless form. In a few days it would be like a dishrag, limp, greasy and filthy and repulsive to the touch. Moreover, from an artistic standpoint new limp bills cannot be any great improvement over the present glossy currency, and this, too, should deter the officials from the change. What is really needed in money reform is cleanliness, and it is doubtful if the proposed change will bring this about.



Fortune Tellers and Christianity.

IS CHRISTIANITY dying out?" This is a question that some erudite gentlemen have been endeavoring to answer for the benefit of Americans. Whether or not there is good reason to believe that any of the established denominations has been suffering defection is a mere matter of surmise, but to judge from the lucrative business that fortune tellers, fake mediums and divers and sundry others seers of the future are doing in all the large cities of the world, one would think that the Americans, as well as many others, are gradually drifting back to first principles in this respect. This is indeed a sure sign that superstitious belief is in the ascendancy, or at least still has a strong hold upon the minds of many people, despite all the years of study and enlightenment which all religions have afforded them. The people who support the big fee-exacting fortune tellers, palmists and others of their ilk, come from all denominations. The majority are women, but there are quite a number of men, and not a few are from among the wealthiest and best people of all communities. Whether they have lost faith or hesitate to make of religion a vehicle for an appeal for material aid, is a matter for these same fortune tellers to determine. But they certainly

know that most churches discountenance such practices; at any rate, the so-called manipulators of the future who profess to make lovers happy, restore lost sweethearts and reveal hidden wealth and furnish advice on speculations, have equally as large crowds at their Sunday sittings as some of the churches at their services, and moreover these same fakirs find it easier to get the "long green" from their patrons than the poor clergyman, who is frequently and persistently permitted to be "broke." All these incidents may be signs of a dying out of Christianity, but it is within the power of the various denominations to check the evil by getting after the victims and fakirs as well, and with a right sharp stick.



Italians and Crime.

OUT of the series of crimes perpetrated in New York by blackmailing Italians, there has come much slander of the Italian people in the United States. The yellow newspapers have, as usual, made the most of these affairs. We have been regaled with stories about the existence of the "Black Hand" and several other societies of murderers and bandits, all of which are palpably untrue and grossly injurious to the better class of Italians. The fact of the matter is, these Italian blackmailers and criminals have no such organizations. A few of them may be banded together for the purpose of conducting their nefarious trade, just as criminals of any other race. And there is no good reason why Americans of other descent should feel so deeply outraged by their deeds. Have we not seen just such crimes as these Italians practice perpetrated by other Americans? How about the Cudahy kidnaping, in which the celebrated Pat Crowe participated, and what of the several other abductions that followed it? And as to blackmail, it is a crime equally as common among all classes in this country as it is among the Italians. The oddity of the Italian crimes in New York lies in the fact that New York police are, or claim to be, unable to cope with the offenders. Until the authorities take a firm hold of the situation these crimes will flourish. They would be practiced wherever there is an Italian colony were the criminals assured of such an easy escape from the consequences as they enjoy in New York. Perhaps another Lexow Committee is needed to get at the bottom of the present affair in the metropolis.



Autophobia.

AUTOPHOBIA, or automania, it seems, has seized upon a large part of the people of the land, and every man or woman who owns or drives an automobile is their victim. In the East it has assumed a more serious form than in the West, though it is bad enough out here. In New York, Pennsylvania and other States the strife between the people and the autoists has become so bitter that firearms are being brought into play and threats of using the weapons are freely made. As near as can be judged, both sides to the controversy are in error. The sane and safe automobilist is made to pay the penalty of the reckless idiot's sins, and too often he is the victim of a form of extortion which practically amounts to highway robbery. Out on the country roads constables, deputy sheriffs and even tramps who pretend to be officers are as thick as bees around a sugar barrel, waiting the coming of the autoists. Many of them are armed, and they compel the autoists to disgorge coin in no small sums. Moreover, they keep their brother officers in adjoining counties posted on the approach of automobiles, so that no golden opportunity

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is overlooked. Such conduct on the part of officers of the law is not calculated to create a feeling of toleration in the bosoms of the public, and assaults on the autoists result. All these serious annoyances, not to mention other handicaps placed upon the owners of these vehicles, are not calculated to make him feel for the public's interest, hence it is that so many autoists dash away after having injured pedestrians or damaged property while recklessly driving their machines. But on the other hand the autoists are to be blamed for not having made thus far any effort to suppress the "scorcher," who is undoubtedly the cause of most of their troubles. They are content to let the authorities find him out and punish him, but he does not lose membership in any of the automobile clubs because of his performances. If membership were denied the reckless chauffeur regardless of his social standing, it would have a tendency to correct the "scorching" evil. Besides, the clubs could materially aid the authorities in prosecuting such offenders and would thereby win the good will of the public. But one thing the public should remember, and that is, the automobile has come to stay. It is a sign of progress, and instead of meeting it or its owners with shotguns and foolish "graft" laws, the people should try and remedy its evils by the common sense route. Shotgun arguments won't go in this period.



The Far Eastern War.

REPORTS from the war arena in Manchuria indicate that Russia is now about to suffer the severest defeats of the campaign. Conditions have not greatly changed in the past week, but the indications are that two of the greatest conflicts in modern times are now on to a finish at Liao Yang and Port Arthur. The carnage at both points on both sides has been awful in the close range fighting that has been going on, and as usual the Russians under General Kuropatkin were compelled to retire to the fortified city of Liao Yang. The Japanese have completely surrounded this Russian force, and despite the arrival of large bodies of fresh trained troops, General Kuroki, with his division of the Japs, has been able to cut off the Russians' retreat by way of the railroad to Mukden. Under the circumstances it is difficult to see how General Kuropatkin will be able to extricate his force, when it is subject to attack on all sides. While his position seems hopeless, that of the defenders of Port Arthur seems more so. Experts, and the Russians themselves, do not expect the fortress to hold out much longer than September 16, if that long. Should its fall be followed or preceded by the defeat or perhaps capture of Kuropatkin's division, there is no telling what effect it will have on the future operations. Perhaps this will be the psychological moment to embroil China in the controversy, but whether or not Russia will do so, it seems certain that there will be no hope for a settlement of the war. Japan does not look for one, although some of its influential newspapers are discussing already the terms which would be acceptable to the Mikado's government, but on the contrary plans for the investment of Vladivostok, Russia's other big Manchurian port, are discussed. Whether by force of arms or by terms of settlement, Japan wants Vladivostok and intends to fight for it. Under no circumstances will they permit Russia to have a port so close to their country where it can assemble a navy. But Russia is showing no signs of the quitter. In short, those who think they know Russian temperament imagine the Muscovite is just beginning to go to war, and that Japan still has many good divisions of Russian troops to vanquish before she can snatch the spoils of victory.

The Far Valley

By James Lindsey Gordon

WHEN the cool star-kisses rest
On the blue sea's quiet breast,
And the dew is on the rose and the birds
are in the nest,
When the white moon's beauty gleams
On the waves of languid streams,
And other men are drifting down a sleepy tide of
dreams;

Then I mount my steed and ride,
With the bright stars for my guide,
Where the highlands and the lowlands by their
gleams are glorified,
Over hill and over plain
By fair fields of corn and grain,
Past violets on the riverside and lilies in the lane;

Through the forest ways I go,
Where the wild acacias blow,
And their branches bend to kiss my eyes because I
love them so;
Until I come at last
Where the light of stars is cast.
Across a haunted valley, called the Valley of the Past.

And adown its ways I creep
Through its shadows dense and deep,
Till I find the one I look for, in the silence there
asleep;
Then beneath those dreamy skies
She awakes in glad surprise,
Her rose-red lips a-blossom and the summer in her
eyes.

And we wander hand in hand
Through a still and shadowy land,
Her sweet eyes dim with tears that I alone can understand,
They have passed; and she has smiled,
With her face like to a child,
And the low lilt of her laughter like clear water undefiled.

Oftentimes she binds her hair
With the lilies that are there,
And the buds and orange blossoms that young maidens love to wear,
Then again she flings them down,
With a sob, and turns around,
Her brows a wreath of cypress, with sharp thorns for a crown.

So o'er hills of hushed repose
And fair fields that no one knows,
Where our footsteps fall more lightly than the falling
of a rose,
We pass on, away, away,
Till the eastern skies are gay,
With the amethyst and amber at the doorway of the day.

Ah, many a night I ride
With my soul unsatisfied,
Until I reach that valley and the soft arms of my bride,
Who, however dark it be,
Waiteth always there for me,
With love and tears and kisses—and her name is Memory.

The Little Parties

THE people of the United States have their choice this year among seven regularly nominated Presidential candidates—Republican, Democratic, Populist, Prohibitionist, Social Democratic, Socialist Labor and Negro. It is not likely that any of these except the first two will get any electoral votes. In 1892 General Weaver, as a third party candidate, carried four States, with twenty electors, divided the electoral votes of two others, and won the ballots of over a million citizens at the polls. But there is no such prospect for any "side-show" candidacy now.

Nevertheless the small parties may have a great, and even a decisive, influence on the result. Blaine would have been elected in 1884 if he could have secured the twentieth part of the Prohibition vote in New York. Doctor Swallow, this year's Prohibition candidate, is a good vote-getter, and it would not be surprising if his supporters turned out in New York at least forty thousand strong. That would be bad for the Republicans. On the other hand, many radi-

cal Democrats who do not like the conservative tinge of the proceedings at St. Louis will vote for one of the Socialist candidates. This will probably offset the Prohibitionist defection from the other side.

The Populists, again, will draw from the Democrats, while if the Negro ticket cuts any figure at all it will, of course, be at the expense of the Republicans.

At the last Presidential election thirty-four thirty-fifths of the total popular vote was cast for the candidates of the two great parties. There was not a single State in which all the votes cast for all the minor candidates combined could have changed the result if they had been cast differently. But that was an unusual case. In 1892 the minor parties held the balance of power in twenty-five States, with two hundred and forty-six electoral votes—more than a majority of the Electoral College. Harrison would have been handsomely elected if he could have secured them all, or even half of them.

Most people like to go with the crowds, but there

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are certain phases of human nature that can find expression only in the side-show party. Some men feel irresistible impulsion to stand up and be counted for principle, on the theory that "one with God makes a majority." Others feel uncomfortably crowded if they have many political neighbors, like the frontier settler who thinks it time to move when he sees another cabin going up five miles away. Others are

exacting in their ideas of orthodoxy, like the theologian who said that he and his father were the only people he knew that had true religion, and he felt a little doubtful about the old man. In this vast and diversified country there are always enough of these various classes to cast several hundred thousand votes on election day.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

our giddy circle. I'm awfully sorry I engaged my partner so long beforehand!"

Tommy was a nice boy, and, if I had been married only five years earlier, might have been my son. Such outspoken admiration on his part was rather a surprise.

"But, Tommy," I said, "I'll dance, of course, if I'm needed, but I have no partner, besides I came to give out favors."

"There are plenty of dowagers here to do that," he said.

The high official was approaching. I knew him slightly. He was a very pompous person, and I had always found him rather hard to talk to.

"I have been told by these young people," he said, with a wave of his hand toward a group of cotillion managers, "that I am expected to renew my youth to-night. I have not danced the german for many years. May I have the pleasure of dancing it with the belle of the ball?"

"If by that sounding title you mean myself," I answered, immensely flattered, "I shall be most happy," and we took our seats in two empty chairs in the cotillion circle, just as the music began for the first figure.

The high official danced abominably, but I did not find him hard to talk to that evening. He was not at all the kind of man I had supposed him to be. He was jocose—indeed, flirtatious, and he whispered stilted compliments in my ear all the time we sat together.

I must confess that this time was rather limited, for I was constantly on the floor. This was a surprise. I had always enjoyed a good dance, and was rather a favorite chaperon with the young people; but such attention as I had received this evening had been unprecedented for years. I was past my first youth, and there were many young and pretty girls present; but, I noted it with astonishment, I was the belle of the ball.

Before the evening was half over I was laden down with favors. Young naval ensigns, whom I scarcely knew by sight, gave me paper hats and Japanese toys, and then bore me off in the waltz with an unmistakable air of triumph. Haughty officers of the division staff, who always wore such a preoccupied air when I met them on the Luneta, that I almost hesitated to bow and disturb their weighty cogitations, came to me with offerings of fans and wooden shoes. The general and the admiral hovered about my chair until the high official became quite grumpy. When Tom came in later in the evening, he stood watching me with a surprise which I could not help but feel was unflattering.

At the conclusion of the cotillion, my partner escorted me to the dressing-room door, where he expressed the wish to "wait upon" me soon (he never made calls). He bade me good-by with an almost fatuous smile as he pressed—nay, squeezed my hand.

"Well, old lady, you've done pretty well," said Tom as he edged into the victoria with me and my favors. "The children will think that Santa Claus is abroad in the land. There's enough stuff here to trim a good-sized Christmas tree."

"I really had a delightful time," I said. "Why, Tom, I felt quite as I used to as a girl at our dances at home. Do you remember that summer cotillion, where we first met?"

"Remember! I should think so! That was nearly twenty years ago. I, a callow second-lieutenant, fresh from West Point, and you a slender little girl in a pink frock! You were awfully pretty then, but—and here my husband went on to say something foolish, which was quite unusual for him; for, happy as we were, with us those things were more often understood than mentioned.

The Blue Moonstone

The Luck That It Brought to Fortuna

By Katherine Hamilton Traub

I WAS in the midst of preparations for leaving Manila for a trip to Japan, so there was plenty for me to do; but here I sat half way up the staircase, wasting precious time talking to old Ram Rao, the Cingalese jewel merchant. My house was situated directly opposite the camp, where the troops waited for the transports to take them home, and I was never tired of watching these vendors of flawed sapphires and Siam rubies, which were apt to drop from their crude settings at the first wearing, trying to induce the soldiers to buy their wares for wives and sweethearts at home. They occasionally paid me a visit, and sometimes I picked up a good pearl or opal for a small price.

Of all these mysterious, soft-eyed people, Ram Rao interested me the most. On the way out, via Suez, I had spent four delightful days at Colombo, and the old man, who was very homesick, used to like to come and talk to me of the jewel shops of his native city, and of the beautiful English bungalows and the Cinnamon Drive, which had so impressed me. Remembering the beauties of that land of spices and flowers, I did not wonder that the poor soul felt that Manila was "all the same as hell."

To-day he was crouching beside his boxes, a curious figure with a square of checked cotton wound about his nether limbs, so that it looked like a long tight skirt. Like most men in Manila, he wore a white linen coat, but his long hair was drawn up behind into a Psyche knot, and his tortoise-shell comb was pushed back until it made a crown, the ends toward his face.

Just behind me on the steps squatted my worthless little Filipino maid, Portuna. She should have been at the sewing-machine, where I had left her with strict injunctions to finish her work without delay; but I was so interested in listening to Ram Rao that for the moment I did not notice her.

"Yes, Memsahib," he was saying, "I go home to my country. You buy only this one beautiful pin. It is a gift at seven rupees. Three days ago a soldier offered me for it fifteen dollar gold, I say no, but to-day with seven rupees more I buy passage on the steamer that goes to-morrow to Ceylon."

He held up a breastpin formed of two tiger claws, fastened together with a clumsy band of gold, set with garnets. It was extremely ugly.

"Oh, Ram Rao," I protested, "I don't want the thing."

"Oh, but Memsahib—only seven rupees, and then I leave this horrible city. You so good to me, I never forget, and some day you come to Ceylon, you find Ram Rao there to show you things most wonderful

the tourist never see, and he take you where you buy pearls and ivory elephants for a smile."

I was weak and yielded. I did not want the atrocious piece of jewelry, but I was homesick myself, and sympathy alone made me take the pin and give Ram Rao his five dollars.

His old eyes sparkled, and with a gesture of infinite grace he kissed the hem of my linen skirt, then turning to his box took out a little gold ring set with a small blue moonstone:

"If the Mem will wear this," he said, "she always have the good luck and bless the memory of Ram Rao."

"Oh, no, Ram," I said, "keep the ring. You might sell it for something."

"This ring I sell never," he said firmly, and looking not at me but at Portuna, mumbled a few words in a strange language.

"Oh, señora," said the woman, eagerly, "take the anillo—it is of no value. He feel bad you no take—much malo, you no take."

I was struck, as I had sometimes been before, by the curious kind of Freemasonry which seems to exist between the races of the East. Here was this stupid, flatnosed Malay woman who seemed to fully understand the feelings and even the language of Ram Rao, with his lofty carriage and high-bred, intellectual face.

I slipped the ring on my finger, and Ram departed, heaping blessings on my head.

"It seems to me you're looking unusually well this evening," remarked my husband, as we were seated at the dinner-table.

"Oh, my dear old boy, how can I, in this old *jusí*?" I protested. "I do need some new ball-gowns sadly, but I thought I would get one more wear out of this and save my money to invest in Japanese crepes and gauzes. I am so glad that I'm not looking like a fright in it, though."

I had been asked, as one of the sober matrons of the army set, to give out favors at the bachelors' cotillion that evening. Tom drove with me to the Potenciana Building, then went to the club, promising to return for me when the dance was over.

There was a larger gathering than usual that evening. The cotillion club had increased in size, and several distinguished people honored us with their presence. We had a major-general, an admiral, and a high official of the civil government there that night.

As I seated myself at the favor-table, little Tom Macon, of the artillery, rushed up. "My! Mrs. Crane, you do look stunning to-night! You simply have got to come and dance. Don't sit here, come and join

Nugent's

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HERE are some superb Autumn Goods that have just been received.
We have lots of other new ones, too—Serpentines, Corkscrews.
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Half-wool plain Henriettes, in new fall shades—36 inches wide—
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Nun's Veiling and Crepe Albatross—36 inches wide and all wool—50 different shades and colors—at 39c

All-wool Panama Suitings—plain, hard-finished worsted goods, in new and staple colors—Price.....50c

Scotch Tweeds and novelties in mixtures of reds, browns, greens, grays, blues, etc.—choice.....48c

42-inch all-wool English Cheviots, in plain shades—all the new colors 50c

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Company, Broadway, Washington Ave. and St. Charles Street.

As I was preparing for my needed repose that night, I took off my rings as usual to lock them away in my jewel case, and dropped one, which rolled off into some dark corner. I looked for it a moment, but being very sleepy and seeing that only the little moonstone ring was missing, I postponed the search until morning. I then informed Portuna of the loss. She told me later that, after looking thoroughly, she had been unable to find the ring. I was almost sure that it had rolled underneath the wash-stand, but when we moved that piece of furniture and it was not there, I dismissed the thing from my mind, as the article was really of no intrinsic value.

That evening as my carriage stopped by the bandstand on the Luneta, and as I exchanged greetings with my friends, I saw many of my partners of the previous evening. A few of them stopped for a word or two, but many of them passed on with merely a bow. I was rather amused to see that staff officer who had nearly shed tears the evening before, when a previous engagement had prevented my accepting from him a tin trumpet bedecked with ribbon, pass me by with a stony stare. He never saw me at all. Indeed, I could not but remark that the fervor of my admirers of the night before had waned perceptibly.

Upon reaching home that evening, I found an unpleasant episode in progress. As we drove through the front door, into the stable, which occupies the ground floor of most Manila houses, a large group of servants, children and chickens stood watching a fight between Domingo, the stable boy, and Juan, the cook's assistant. As Domingo was belaboring his antagonist about the head with a brass candlestick, the consequences threatened to become serious, but the *cochero* descending from his box, lay about him with his whip until finally the combatants separated.

I stopped to inquire into the causes of the affray. When a Filipino is angry he is very incoherent, and the mixture of Spanish and Tagalog which the two culprits poured forth was quite unintelligible to me. From the *cochero* I learned that somebody had promised to marry them both, and that each was determined to murder the other in consequence. After threatening them both with the calaboose (jail), I ascended the stairs, and then perceived Portuna perched on the newel-post, her bare feet tucked up under her red skirt, her hair freshly anointed with cocoanut oil, and her eyes dancing with an unholy joy. I could not help feeling that she was at the bottom of the whole affair.

Two days before I left for Japan, Portuna came to me and said that she was unable to go with us. She informed me that nothing but the fact that she was to be a *matrimonia* would have induced her to leave the children and myself.

"Whom are you going to marry, Portuna?" I asked, wondering whether Juan or Domingo were to carry off the prize,

"A man *muy rico*, senora," she declared proudly. "He give me beautiful jewels and fine case. You see him often on the Luneta—Simon Sebastianio."

I gave a start of surprise. Sebastianio was one of the most influential Filipinos in Manila. I simply could not believe that ugly, undersized Portuna could have captured his fancy. He was good-looking, too; there was a strain of the best Spanish blood in his veins; he had been well educated, and was high in the ranks of the Federal party: It was as much of a misalliance for him to marry Portuna as for the scion of an aristocratic New York family to seek in marriage a Bowery factory-girl of the most humble antecedents. But the more I thought of it, the more unlikely it seemed; and when she informed me that she had been brought up in his house as the daughter of his *cochero*, the news was more incomprehensible than ever, knowing as I did the class distinctions of these people.

For the next two months the children and I revolved in the beauties of Japan. By October we returned to the head of the family, who was hard at work in Manila.

I was greeted with the pleasing news that orders were on the way for us to go home. So I determined to enjoy as fully as possible the last weeks of our sojourn in the East. When we were bidden, then, by one of the various political parties to a great banquet, I decided to go, as it was to be nearly the last of my Filipino engagements.

All the American civil officials and many officers of the army and navy were there. I felt quite lost among so many personages of rank. I was taken out to the repast by a nice infantry major, and we sat far down below the notables.

Some distance from where I sat I saw my late cotillion partner talking to a Filipino woman; on looking more closely I perceived that he was engaged in an animated conversation with—could it be? Yes, it certainly was—Portuna! Portuna, quite as unbeautiful as ever, but gorgeously arrayed; her *camisca* stiff with embroidery, a spray of diamond roses four

inches long in her hair, and about her neck a string of pearls for which I would have given ten years of my existence. She seemed to find the remarks of the high official interesting; indeed, she laughed in a coquettish manner; and as for him, he did not seem to find the banquet the perfunctory bore these affairs usually are to men of his kind—he really appeared to be enjoying himself.

When the banquet was over, Portuna came up and greeted me with effusion. She was not proud. She asked about the children with tears in her eyes, and promised to come and see them. She introduced her husband, who regarded her with adoring eyes. I found him to be very intelligent, and we talked together of the traffic question and of the future of the Malay race while we sitting out a dance (I sat out several that evening).

The high official rushed up to us. Not having seen him for two months, I supposed that he had come to pay his respects. He barely nodded to me.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs.—er—Crane?" Then "Where is that attractive little wife of yours, Sebastianio? I want to see if she will dance the Rigo-don with me?"

With that he darted off, and I soon saw him standing, with Portuna as a partner.

The next time I saw Portuna was on the transport *Sheridan*. We left for home on very short notice, and in some way she heard of it, and appeared just before the vessel sailed, bearing gifts of *pina* and *jusi* and Canton linen for me and the children. She was the very same Portuna, but the evident affection she had for me had awakened quite a warm feeling for her in my heart, so I submitted to her embrace, while the children hung to her with tears.

The last gong had sounded, and when half way down the gangway Portuna turned and waved her hand. The sun fell upon her costly rings, and among the diamonds and pearls, I noticed upon her little finger the glint of a blue moonstone.

Leaning over the side of the ship, Tom and I saw her enter a comfortable little private launch, and steam off in state.

"What a promotion for Portuna," I remarked. "How do you suppose it ever happened?"

"It is rather remarkable," said my better half, as he lazily flicked the ashes from a Germinal cigar, "but then you know, for a Filipino, Portuna is really a very pretty woman."

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

The Mirror

CHEAP TRAVEL TO EUROPE

"So cheap are the ways of traveling nowadays that you can take a summer run over to London town and back for no more than it costs you to stay at home." Such is the interesting statement made by Warren Harper in the *Era Magazine*. "If you happen to have lying idle at any time," he says, "two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars, you can consider yourself wealthy. A European tour is yours then to command. You can journey along with first class privileges everywhere on land or sea. Last summer, when the writer chanced to have two hundred and fifty dollars to devote to a pleasure pilgrimage over seas, he planned its expenditure as wisely as he knew how, making it stretch out so that this was the splendid result: Over first-class by Cunard line, Boston to Liverpool. A day at Chester, two at Warwick, visiting both Warwick and Kenilworth Castles; two days, at Stratford-on-Avon; one week in London; one week in Paris; the same in Switzerland, taking in Lucerne and its lake trips; Interlaken, with its delightful journey over the Wengern Alp and up the great Jungfrau and Berne. Then three days in Brussels, two in Antwerp, two in The Hague, and the famous Dutch seashore resort, Scheveningen, and home again first-class from Rotterdam to New York. Two months' jogging along among the celebrated sights of the Old World! And I didn't run close to the wind, either. I carried a trunk full of garment, and suffered not at all from the humiliation of living all the time in one suit of clothes. I had a room to myself every night, and most generally it was quite as good as my own at home. I went to many a play for a shilling and enjoyed it hugely, and as for grand opera, I heard Calve and the De Reszkes in 'Carmen' at the Covent Garden in London for sixty-two cents. I explored cathedrals galore from crypt to chimney top; and not a museum, so far as I know, got by me. I tipped porters, boots, waiters, and smiling maids beyond number, and they were all very good to me. I bought photographs, guide-books, and little souvenirs

a-plenty for the dear ones at home. Up the Alps I went, and down the Catacombs. Everywhere the world went nicely; no hitch, no worry, nothing to cry over. All for two hundred and fifty dollars!"



WHEN TO DISCARD PET NAMES

"It is a great mistake, in my opinion," remarked a young married woman, for husbands and wives to call each other by any term of endearment. It generally begins in the first part of married life. They feel it is rather nice to say 'dear' and 'my love,' etc., in public—it emphasizes their sense of possession. Later on habit makes them continue the epithets, but they become meaningless; they might just as well be "Molly" or "Billy," as far as sentiment goes, and the simple Christian name sounds, to my way of thinking, in better form. When especial names have been adopted, as is sometimes the case, they are obnoxious in the beginning and later on become absurd. I know a man who has been calling his wife 'Baby.' They have been married now for several years, and he keeps it up through force of habit, but it does sound ridiculous. I was playing bridge the other day with a quondam pair of turtle doves, who have become quite peckish with a decade of married life behind them, and it was funny to hear the old names used with marital sharpness. They were playing together, and were losing, which made them quite cross. "You should never have taken that trick," she said sharply, "Honey." A baby could have played that hand better, "Ducky," she retaliated, and so on. Neither one of them seemed to be aware of the incongruity of the epithets 'Honey' and 'Ducky' with their irate voices and expression."



HOW ELEPHANTS SLEPT

"That elephant," said a circus man at Kansas City, recently, "has slept standing up for a year. He is 90, and what little sleep he requires he takes on his feet. An elephant in his prime sleeps only five hours a night, and the older he grows the less sleep he needs. This good fellow here practically needs no sleep at all. At whatever hour of the day or night I come to him, he stands patiently in his place, rocking from side to side. I know he sleeps a little, but for years now his naps have been so short that he hasn't bothered to lie down for them. Nearly all the old elephants are like this."



New Yorkers have often been called "provincial" by strangers, who say that the inhabitants think the entire world is bounded by the Hudson, the East and the Harlem River. If a young servant of Augustus Van Wyck is a fair type of the Gothamite, the strangers are right. This young man had never left the city up to his 18th year, and had never evinced any desire to do so. Then, however, some of his friends prevailed upon him to take a short trip "up state." He went—about twenty-five miles. After a week he came back. Ex-Judge Van Wyck wanted to know what his man thought of the outside world. "What

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Quality so Different—Style Uncommon.

Our assortment is the largest
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kind of a trip did you have, John?" he asked. "Well, sir," replied the youth, "all I've got to say is this: If the world stretches as far south of here as it does north it's a mighty big place."



HAVING A HUNCH

As Mr. Henry Jimpson looked out of his window at the hotel the other morning he saw a white mule.

Glancing over the paper at the breakfast table, he noted the death of the famous Indian chieftain, "White Mule."

As he left the hotel a boy handed him a card bearing the legend, "Smoke White Mule Plug Cut. It does not burn the tongue."

At lunch he heard a sporty-looking man at the next table say, "Yes, I start 'White Mule' to-day. He'll be at a long price and he'll win hands down."

Mr. Jimpson went into a cigar store and inspected the racing card.

The fifth race contained the entry, "White Mule."

He boarded a car for the race track.

"White Mule" was 50 to 1. Mr. Jimpson bet \$10 on him. Then he went into the grandstand and waited for the fifth race.

The fifth race was run.

There were sixteen horses in it.

"White Mule" ran last.



Admiral Togo—according to Miss M. M. Carpenter, who was a visitor at his house when the war broke out, and who has just returned to this country—left his family without letting even his wife know where he was going, or what the character of his mission was, and the admiral's wife did not know of his movements till she saw his name in the papers in connection with an early naval

engagement. Similar secrecy marks all the movements of the Japanese.



"ADS" ON BALD HEADS

The uses of advertisement are sweet, we know, and Paris has been laughing heartily at the idea of the most enterprising of its music-halls, the Moulin Rouge, which has been utilizing bald-headed gentlemen to advertise its show. The advertisement, carefully dressed in frock coat, gray top-hat, spats, and kid gloves, sits down at a cafe upon a crowded corner of the Boulevard, removes his hat, and mops his heated brow with a large pocket-handkerchief.

And passers-by, to their delight, see in large letters on that heated brow the fact announced that "At the Moulin Rouge this evening," and so forth. "In a few days," says a sarcastic London commentator, "Parliament will adjourn for the summer, and Messieurs of the Senate, all of whom bound by law to be of more than forty years of age, will be at leisure. Perhaps the Moulin Rouge would be considered *infra dig.*, but there are other things—liquors, for instance. The Right might advertise Chartreuse or Benedictine, and the Left a rival brand."



THE RIVAL MAGNATES.

Gotrox—I don't like that man Bullion. Hasmun—Why not?

Gotrox—He outbid me at market for a choice porterhouse the other day, the purse-proud scoundrel!



"Why, I wasn't aware that Spotkins ever played cards," said the astonished friend, "He doesn't," replied the victim with a sigh long drawn out; "he works them."—*Chicago News*.

Stafford-Miller Co's
CARMEN POWDER

**The Powder for
Brunettes.**

A Powder that Sticks.

Carmen Powder is so different, so much finer for the brunette type of beauty, that every brunette should obtain a free sample box at

Judge & Dolph Drug Co.
515 Olive Street.

Call or Write for Sample.

The Mirror

II

VEGETARIAN SWIMMERS

In a long-distance swimming race recently across Toronto Bay, in Canada, from the Yonge street wharf to the swimming club, on the island lagoon, says the *Toronto Star*, there was fought a battle between vegetarians and meat eaters. The course was about two miles in length, and H. F. Strickland of Toronto, a vegetarian, made the journey in the record time of fifty minutes. George H. Corson, another vegetarian, made the course in fifty-two minutes. Two Englishmen had come over to swim in the race—sturdy beef eaters from the land of roast beef—but they found the pace too fast and dropped out midway on the course. It was a handicap contest, but in actual time vegetarianism scored a decisive victory.

The race was not announced as a contest between vegetarians and meat eaters but Messrs. Strickland and Corson resolved to give it that turn. They entered. Like others, they trained. On the day of the race, their sole diet was pea butter. For a week they reduced their ordinary vegetarian diet to simples, such as pea butter, peanuts and raw fruit. Before setting out in the race they informed the astonished meat fed Englishmen, who were supposed to be the best men in the contest, that they were vegetarians, had eaten no meat for years and intended to prove the superiority of their diet.

They did it. As they glided through the waves they were borne up by the consciousness that they were vindicating vegetarianism. To others it was a race for glory. To Messrs. Strickland and Corson it was an opportunity of showing the world the error of its ways. They were men with a mission. A great cause relied on them, and inspired, fired by this knowledge, they slipped through the water with ease and made their meat laden competitors look like stationary objects.

A long swim is one of the severest physical tests to which a man can be put, and in order to settle conclusively

the respective merits of pea butter and beefsteak another race, specially arranged for the purpose, should be brought about, two men a side, over a two mile course. It would draw a large crowd of butchers and market gardeners to cheer their respective champions.



WAR AND FASHIONS

Among the things noted at the garden party of President Loubet in Paris by the correspondent of *Truth* was that while "our friendship for our ally is unchanged, we cannot help borrowing shades of color from the Japanese, with the names the latter give them. The steel grade now *a la mode* is called *la nuance Shimose*, after the terrible explosive that annihilated the Russian artillery in the different engagements between Japs and Russians. The *nuance poisson d'argent* is imitated from the torpedoes which wrecked the Russian war vessels. These implements of destruction look in the sea like great silver fish, and, if they twisted about the narrow ends, might almost pass for sharks. The figured imitations of *linon*, or cambric, are covered with patterns borrowed from Japanese embroideries, and parasols used with them are bright, with colors reminding one of a *parterre* aglow with bedded-out flowers. This is very Japanese. Mme. Loubet herself followed at her garden party the mode that favors Japanese patterns."



John Sharp Williams of Mississippi was campaigning on one occasion and was addressing a crowded meeting. He began by mentioning the pleasure he had in being called upon to speak there, saying he regarded his hearers as co-laborers with the light of honesty in their eyes. At this moment there was a sharp scuffle near the door, followed by an outcry: "Mr. Chairman, this hall is alive with pickpockets. I've lost my handkerchief, watch and pocketbook." In the roar of laughter Williams joined unreservedly, but when he could make himself heard he remarked in his dry way: "You'll have to excuse me, fellow citizens, I did not suspect there were any Republicans present."



The late Paul Joseph Blanc, the French artist, studied in Rome in his youth, and he was noted in those days for his truculence. Blanc dined at a students' cafe one evening in Rome, and a young German who sat near him said: "It is easy enough to see, sir, that you are a Frenchman." "How so?" said Blanc, frowning. "Because you eat so much bread." Blanc did not like this. He retorted: "It is easy to see that you are a German." "Why?" asked the other. "Because," said Blanc, "you eat so much of everything."



On one occasion North Ovington Messenger, a Washington political writer, was doing reportorial work and was assigned to interview Murat Halstead, somewhat of a political writer himself. Mr. Messenger sent his card up to Mr. Halstead, bearing the words, "N. O. Messenger," and no other designation as to his business. The old newspaper man sent word for the young one to come up.

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The Mirror

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Woman's Department, under Supervision of

Dr. M. M. Harris.

St. Louis, Mo.

Men's Department, under Supervision of
Carl Frisk, late of Hot Springs, Ark.

He was met at the door of Mr. Halstead's room with cordiality. Mr. Halstead had his caller's card in his hand. "Um—er," he hesitated, "glad to see you. Come in—but what is the New Orleans *Messenger*? I never heard of that paper before."



FASHIONABLE FALL COLORS

Brown, yellow and orange in every possible shade will be the colors popular above all others for the fall season. Orange and burnt orange, and all the other variations, are exquisite in themselves, and most effective when used in ribbon, flower or feather trimming for white hats, but they are rather trying to most women used any other way. The popularity of yellow will probably be confined to millinery.—*New York Evening Mail*.



In the "Realities of Irish Life," by W. S. French, is this anecdote: "I have heard a story that upon one occasion the Bishop of London asked the celebrated actor, Garrick, if he could explain how it

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was that he and his clergy failed to attract the attention of their audiences, although they preached every Sunday of the realities of the world to come, while he (Garrick) filled crowded houses with the most rapt attention, although they knew perfectly well that all he was saying was fiction. The reason is very plain, my lord,' replied Garrick, 'you deal with facts as if they were fiction; I deal with fictions as if they were facts.'

The Mirror

DRAMATIC

"BUSTER BROWN" HERE.

"Buster Brown," a farce adapted from the comic supplement character created by Artist Outcalt, made its first appearance at the Grand last Sunday night, and went very well with the large audience. The part of *Buster* is admirably taken by Master Gabriel, who, though 21, is boyish in looks and does all the stunts of the mischievous elf, and, in addition, sings, dances and acts like a veteran. George Ali, as *Tige*, *Buster's* omnipresent comic companion, is all that could be expected of such a part. Edward Bixley, singing a bunch of parodies; Al Lawson also in vocal selections, and Kate Erickson are all well received. The Scotch ballet is one of the most pleasing features of the show. Altogether "Buster Brown" may be said to be a success, even though the farce itself is quite well concealed behind the vaudeville. The piece will remain at the Grand next week, closing Saturday night.



"THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN" COMING. "Vivian's Papas" closes its engagement at the Century Saturday night. It has had quite a successful engagement here for two weeks. Miss Blanche Ring, to meet whose peculiar talents the farce was written, and Harry Connor, the comedian who plays the part of one of the papas, have certainly given the Century audiences much food for laughter. And Miss Ring's singing has also been provocative of much applause. In fact, the entire company is clever, but there is so little for all save Miss Ring, Mr. Connor and Robert Burns to do, that their particular talents are not fully



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displayed. Commencing next Sunday night, the attraction at the Century will be "The County Chairman," a farce written by George Ade. This piece is full of fun and is presented by a capable company. The piece is said to reflect moral life more faithfully than any other similar piece ever seen on the stage.

AT THE IMPERIAL.

"The Darling of the Gods," now in its fifth week at the cozy Imperial Theater, continues on its prosperous way. Overflowing audiences are the rule. There is no flagging of interest, either on the part of the public or the actors. Blanche Bates as *Yo-San*; Eugene Ormonde as *Kara*; Henry Benrimo as the *Prince*, and Ada Lewis as *Set-Su*, are now strong public favorites.



AT DELMAR GARDEN.

Hayes' great extravaganza, "Louisiana," at Delmar Garden, has now been before the public for fourteen weeks, and yet has shown no signs of growing stale. It's as popular now as when first produced. The crowds continue large at Delmar and the other attractions of the resort are also liberally patronized.



COMING OF "MOTHER GOOSE."

The imitable Frank Daniels in "The Office Boy" closes his two weeks' engagement at the Oylmpic Theater Sunday night. This farcical piece has been given the very warmest of receptions and the audiences have certainly had out of it all the laughter they could well afford to indulge. The singing and acting of the petite Sallie Fisher has been one of the successful hits of the show. Commencing Monday night, Klaw and Erlanger will present the magnificent Drury Lane spectacle, "Mother Goose." This is a production of a most spectacular character, there being no less than 300 persons in the ballet effects. Besides, there is a strong force of comedians, led by that clever fun maker, Joe Cawthorne. The Gugoletti ballet, one of the most pretentious ever organized, promises to be the leading spectacular effect. In this part of the show a young lady is swung from the stage to the gallery rail by a device which has puzzled all audiences before whom the show has been given. "Mother Goose" will remain in St. Louis indefinitely and a successful engagement for it is expected.



KIRALFY'S "LOUISIANA."

Scarcely a performance of Kiralfy's "Louisiana" is given at the Odeon that does not possess some new weird or beautiful effect. By an arrangement of lights the radium dancers have been made to undergo wonderful illusive transformations, the most striking of which makes it appear that the upper parts of their bodies have become separated from the legs, which, however, continue dancing in the limelight. These scenes are mystifying to the audiences, but they are also pleasing, and the promoters of the big extravaganza continue in the enjoyment of success.



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specialties, new costumes and new burlettas, opened a successful week at the Standard Sunday night. "A Parisian Jamboree" and "A Wild Night," two clever burlesques, rather elaborately staged, are easily the hits of the show. But the vaudeville is of a higher order and in keeping with the character of the burlesques. The comedy, acrobatic and musical features are exceptionally good. Next week the well known and popular Fred Irwin will be the attraction. The Irwin show is full of fun and good specialties.



FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS.

A vaudeville programme which is one of the most enjoyable of the season is presented at Forest Park Highlands this

week. Eva Mudge and Devlin's Zouaves head the bill. Both offer unusually brilliant acts. Lew Hawkins and Al Fields are capital single entertainers, and Nora Bayes, a dashing soubrette, sings nonsense as cleverly as an operatic number. Roattino and Stevens present a singing and dancing act that has all the merit of novelty. Next week's bill will be headed by that standard vaudeville attraction, "The Girl With the Auburn Hair." The act, though on the stage for a number of years, is still one of the biggest features ever seen. George Techow will show for the first time his trained cats. These wonderful animals are shown in an entirely new light. Phyllis Allen, the phenomenal contralto, will be heard in a new reper-

The Mirror

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toire. H. Van Cleve and his donkey, as *Me and Pete*, and Bobby Mack, the monologist, will be the fun makers of the bill.



The late Clement Scott was much interested in American Indians, and had a fund of stories about them. He told one of a robust Indian who asked a farmer to give him work, but was refused on the ground that the Indians were no good—that they always got tired. This particular Indian said that he didn't belong to that class, and had never been tired. So he was put to work hoeing corn. An hour afterward the farmer went around to see how he was getting on, and found him asleep under a tree. "Here, wake up here," he cried; "you told me you never got tired." "Ugh," said the other, yawning, "this Injun don't. But if he not lie down often he would get tired, just the same as the rest."



"Cyrus Townsend Brady is prolific, isn't he?" remarked Mrs. Oldcastle, as she took a seat in the elegant library. "Is he?" replied her hostess; "I thought Josiah said he was one of them novelists."—*Ex.*



"I'm trying to find the idea in your poem," said the editor of the *Squintuary Magazine*. "Oh, don't worry about that," said the anxious young poet; "there isn't any. You can use it without the slightest fear."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Newest Books.

By Snare of Love, Arthur W. Marchmont, \$1.20. The Challengers, E. T. Benson, \$1.20. The Crossing, Winston Churchill, \$1.20. The Lure O' Gold, Bailey Millard, \$1.20. Prudence Pratt, Mrs. Dore Lyon, \$1.20. Green Mansions, W. H. Hudson, \$1.20. The Interloper, Violet Jacob, \$1.20. The Letter H., Charles Felton Pidgeon, \$1.20. Also a complete assortment of paper novels, magazines and periodicals. Subscriptions taken for all publications at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive st.

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HAMLET AND MRS. MAYBRICK

The release from prison of Mrs. Maybrick recalls a story told on the authority of E. S. Willard, the English actor. According to the story there was a sensational play in rehearsal at one of the London theatres early in the '80s. The plot of the play was in all essentials the plot of the Maybrick tragedy. Before putting it in the bill a private matinee was given to which critics, actors and literary folk were invited. The play was finally condemned and never produced, but among the audience at the matinee, the story goes, were Mrs. Maybrick and the man whose name was mentioned in the case. If the story be true, it furnishes one of the most curious coincidences in the history of crime since the leading case of Hamlet versus the King of Denmark.



THE HORSE AND BUNGHOLE

Some of our exchanges are publishing a curious item to the effect that a horse in Troy pulled a plug out of a bunghole of a barrel for the purpose of slaking his thirst. We do not see anything remarkable in the occurrence. Now if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bunghole, and slaked his thirst with the plug; or if the barrel had pulled the bunghole out of the horse and slaked his thirst with the plug; or if the barrel had pulled the bunghole out of the plug and slaked its thirst with the horse; or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slaked its thirst with the bunghole; or if the bunghole had pulled the thirst out of the horse and slaked the plug with the barrel; or if the barrel had pulled the horse out of the bunghole and plugged his thirst with a slate, it might have been worth while to make a fuss over it.



One evening Lewis Nixon, the shipbuilder, and his wife were taking dinner at the Waldorf. At the next table Mr. Nixon saw and spoke to a young architect whom he knew. He was evidently entertaining some out of towners, as the latter's table manners were not the daintiest. The following day Mr. Nixon met the architect downtown and said: "Hello, friend! Have a good dinner last night?" "Yes, great." "How's your friend from Chicago?" "He's all right. But how did you know he was from Chicago?" "I overheard him eating his soup."



An old colored man was in his cabin, praying for the Lawd to take him away. "Oh Lawd," he said, "I'se ready to go any time. Come now an' take me." A neighbor, having heard the colored man, praying, knocked at the door. "Who's dar?" said the colored man. "I'm the Lord, and I've come to take you," said the neighbor. Instantly the light was blown out, and the colored man said: "Ain't here; gone to church."



"Say," asked Limping Lem, "wot would youse do if you could be a king fer just one hour?" "Take de crown jools out 'n soak 'em," replied Sauntering Sim, without having to stop to think.—*Ex.*





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HIGHEST THEATER RECEIPTS

The high water mark of receipts in the American theater, and probably for the world, was established by the tour of Booth and Barrett in "Julius Caesar" which those distinguished artists made shortly before quitting the stage forever. It has been affirmed in the most emphatic manner by those interested in this triumphal tourney—this swan song of genius—that the profits of that one season amounted to more than \$600,000, a sum which seems almost incredible, although there were facts involved in the case which gave a strong tinge of probability to the story. Prices were raised everywhere above the normal limit in order to do honor to so notable an event as the farewell tour of two distinguished actors, and the share of the receipts demanded by this thrifty management was so large that Booth and Barrett captured almost every dollar that found its way into the box office. Out of this most generous income they were not obliged to pay an extortionate sum for expenses, since their company, although not cheap in the complete sense of the word, was far from being the costly aggregation with which Mr. Irving or Mr. Mansfield has made us familiar. Mr. Booth, while not penurious, was indifferent to his support. Mr. Barrett, on the other hand, was one of those "near" souls whose motto is thrift, Horatio. To him a dollar saved was a dream of perpetual delight, and while some of his own productions were made with considerable generosity, he did not feel that the farewell tour of such effulgent stars as Booth and Barrett needed the fillip of an extraordinary company.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

IN EARLY DAYS

Capt. Kidd had just lowered a chest of treasure into the sea, after carefully charting the spot.

"I suppose," he mused, as he watched the bubbles rise and float upon the water, "I suppose that one of those corporation pirates would call that my sinking fund."

Those who heard him afterward claimed that the captain was one of the pioneers in the watered capital game.—*Cleveland Leader.*

MILLER REESE HUTCHINSON, the inventor, was talking one day about gout. "Gout," he said, "is very painful." "Is it different from rheumatism?" some one asked. "It is, indeed." "What is the difference?" "Well," said Mr. Hutchinson, "suppose you should take a vise, put your finger in it, and turn the screw tighter and tighter, till you could bear the pain no longer. That would be rheumatism. Then suppose you should give the screw one full turn more. That would be gout."

"I am very much bothered. I can marry a rich widow whom I don't love, or a poor girl that I do love. What shall I do?" "Listen to your heart and marry the one you love." "You are right, my friend. I shall marry the girl." "Then can you give me the widow's address?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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The Mirror

OGAZON HEARD IN RECITAL

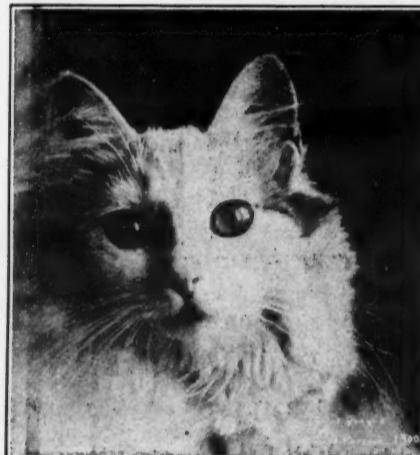
Visitors to the World's Fair enjoyed a rare musical feast last Saturday afternoon at the New York State Building when that distinguished Mexican pianist, Señor Pedro Luis Ogazon, gave a delightful piano recital. Señor Ogazon rendered an excellent programme of his own selection and flooded the Empire State's great structure with melody. Many difficult pieces were played by him in a most artistic manner. The reception accorded him was most flattering, and the appreciative audience was also deeply interested in the beautiful instrument upon which he rendered his selections. Its wonderful richness of tone together with its volume, contributed not a little to the pianist's artistic recital. The instrument, which is known as the grand "Art" piano, and "The Waive," was designed by Steinway & Sons of New York. It is one of the handsomest ever seen in the West. The case is embellished with rich hand-carvings and water scenes depicting Niagara

Falls and several beautiful lakes and rivers of New York State. Señor Ogazon, who expressed the keenest delight with the instrument, may be again enabled to play upon it, as he will remain in the United States quite awhile, on an extended concert tour of all the large cities, commencing with New York. He expects to give fifty or sixty concerts in all.



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The Mirror

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tution is afraid of a wholesale withdrawal of French funds loaned in Lombard street, in the past two years, in case of a heavy efflux of gold from New York to London. Unusual ease in the London money market would be anything but a blessing at the present moment.

Bull "tips" are out on Rock Island, Missouri Pacific, New York Central, St. Paul common, Amalgamated Copper, Texas & Pacific, Southern Pacific, Erie and Illinois Central. Missouri Pacific still displays marked irregularity, but should move up a respectable number of points, if the rest of the list does not give way in the meantime. It's again a "tip" market. The riggers well know that outsiders never fail to be attracted by mysterious hints and predictions. The more mystifying the "tip," the better it works. Of course, whenever "tips" are flying thick and fast, the market has reached the gay and giddy stage. They invariably make their appearance when insiders are unloading, or preparing to unload.

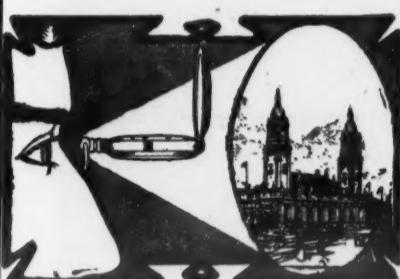
It's an old game, but always new. Speculation is, after all, more a matter of sentiment than of reason. Of the latter element there is, in fact, exceedingly little to be found on our speculative exchanges. It may be said, indeed, that reason and logic are looked upon with indifference, if not with contempt. They will tell you in Wall street that the less you think and reason, the more money you are apt to make. Prices move from one extreme to the other, just like human feelings, only to find the inevitable golden mean in the end.



LOCAL SECURITIES.

Speculation is slightly more active in the St. Louis market. The movement

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of values, in the past week, was in the main towards a higher level. Bank and trust company issues continue to attract most of the attention of traders. There's a growing feeling that higher prices will be seen before long. This is based on the impression that liquidation has exhausted itself, that stocks have drifted into the hands of people who are determined and prepared to hang on to their holdings.

Lincoln and Missouri Trust have again moved up, after their declines of last week. The former is selling at 218, and the latter at 128. The advance in Missouri amounts to more than five points. There is some inquiry for Mechanics' National, the stock now selling at 268. Title Guaranty is going in a small way at 65. American Central Insurance sold at 201 the other day. For Bank of Commerce 282½ is asked, for State National 170, while for German Savings Institution 400 is bid.

United Railways preferred is still quoted at 54 bid, 54½ asked. St. Louis Transit is dull, with small sales at 10¾. United Railways 4s have risen to 81. For Merchants Bridge 6s 111½ is asked, for Missouri-Edison 5s 98½ is bid.

St. Louis Brewing 6s are steady at 95¾ bid, 96 asked. For Century Building 6s 107¼ is bid.

The banks are shipping considerable money to country customers. Clearances continue in good volume. Interest rates remain steady at previous rates. Sterling is lower, the last quotation being \$4.88½.



ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Reader, Lexington, Mo.—Yes, would prefer holding Missouri Pacific for the present. Has barely risen five points, against ten in Pennsylvania, fifteen in Union Pacific and twelve in St. Paul.

X. X. X.—Would recommend selling your local street railway bonds and invest in something better and more promising. New York Central collateral 3½s good investment. So are Laclede 5s. Rock Island 5s a tempting speculation. Should go higher.

J. H. R., Jacksonville, Ill. — Hold your Illinois Central. Take profits on Atchison common. Would await a moderate setback before rebuying Cotton Belt preferred.

W. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—Would realize on Ontario & Western. Advance chiefly manipulative. Reading common in strong hands. Looks like going higher. Would not advise buying, however.



Mistress—"Did the butcher have pigs' feet?" *Nora*—"Shure, mum, I dunno. He wore Swope's shoes, and mighty trim they looked. They tell me they're the best in the land, and you can get 'em at 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo."



Cassidy—"I suppose ye heard the news about Flannery?"

Casey—"Phew! news?"

Cassidy—"He was drowned this mornin'."

Casey—"I don't believe it. Shure, I was talkin' to him yistherd'y an' he never sed a word about it."—Philadelphia Press.

The Mirror

A Study in Government and Politics

\$50,000

The above sum has been set aside by THE CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL TRIBUNE, to be distributed as awards to the subscribers of THE COMMERCIAL TRIBUNE or THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY GAZETTE who estimate the total vote cast in the State of Ohio for President of the United States at the election to be held November 8, 1904.

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To the Ninth Nearest.....	50
To the Tenth Nearest.....	25
To the Next 300 Nearest (\$10 Ea.)	3,000
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If any subscriber should, before October 1, 1904, estimate the exact total vote, there will be paid an additional amount of \$10,000

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For subscription blanks, data about previous votes and further information, address the Manager of

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—For every 50 cents paid you will be entitled to two (2) weeks' subscription to The Daily and Sunday Commercial Tribune; or six (6) months' subscription to The Weekly Gazette and one (1) estimate. You can subscribe for The Daily and Sunday Commercial Tribune at the above rates as long a time as you wish and be entitled to one estimate for every fifty cents paid. You can order the paper sent to any address you wish and have the estimate entered in your name if you so order.

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The Mirror



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WOODWARD & TIERMAN
SAINT LOUIS

This block contains a framed advertisement for the Missouri Pacific Railway. It features a scenic photograph of a mountain range at the top, followed by a large title in a decorative font. Below the title, it highlights "OBSERVATION PARLOR CAFE", "DINING CARS, MEALS A LA CARTE", and "PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND FANS". It also mentions "DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE" and "NO CHANGE OF CARS TO CALIFORNIA". At the bottom, there are names of key officials: C. G. Warner, Russell Harding, A. C. Bird, H. C. Townsend, and Woodward & Tierman. The entire advertisement is set within a decorative frame with floral corners.

St. Louis Ticket Office, S. E. Cor. Sixth and Olive Streets.



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